

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 21. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1825.

VOL. III.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY

PAUL WILMOT.

SOME years ago Paul Wilmot, a quaker, a native of Philadelphia, having settled in Jamaica, retired to a plantation beautifully situated on the declivity of a mountain near the centre of the island. His family consisted of a wife and three young children. He possessed a number of slaves, whose looks and whole appearance betokened that their servitude was not grievous. Indeed Wilmot was one of those benevolent characters that consider the wide world as their brethren. His negroes were distributed into little families: among them were no dissensions, no jealousies, no thefts, no suicides, no conspiracies; the labours of the day gave place in the evening to the song and the dance; and they retired to rest with hearts full of gratitude, satisfaction, and content. About this time a negro of Benin, known by the name of John, had instigated the slaves of two rich plantations to massacre their masters, and fly to the mountain. This mountain in the middle of the island is almost inaccessible, and is surrounded with fruitful vallies, which are inhabited by negroes called the wild negroes. These, having formerly deserted their services, settled in those vallies, whence they often made cruel sallies upon their former masters. John had been chosen chief of the negroes, and had issued from the vallies with a considerable body of followers. The alarm was soon spread in the colony; troops were marched to the mountain, and soldiers distributed in those plantations that were defensible. Wilmot assembled his slaves. "My friends, (said he,) there are arms; if I have been a hard master to you, use them against me; but if I have behaved to you as an affectionate father, take them, and assist me in defending my wife and children." The negroes seized the arms, and swore they would die in his defence and those that were dear to him.

Among his slaves there was one, named Francisco, whom a friend of Wilmot's, called Filmer, had found abandoned on the shore of a Spanish colony. He had been barbarously maimed, and one of his legs was newly cut off. A young negro woman was employed in stopping the blood and in weeping the inefficacy of her cares. She had beside her a child but a few days old. They belonged to a Spaniard, who had taken this revenge on the negro for abetting Marianne, the woman, in her rejection of some dishonourable proposals which her master had made to her. Filmer purchased them of the Spaniard, who pretended that he had thus treated the negro because he had surprised him performing the abominable ceremonies of the religion of Benin. Wilmot received them of his friend, who now also lived in his family. Marianne became the favourite of his wife; and Francisco, by his good sense, and his knowledge of agriculture, acquired the confidence of Wilmot, and the esteem of every one. This man came to his master at the beginning of the night: "The chief of the blacks, (said he) is a native of Benin; he adores the great Orissa, the lord of life, and the father of mankind; he must, therefore, be guided by justice and benevolence. He comes to punish the enemies of the children of Orissa; but you, he will respect. Let him know, by one of your brethren from Benin, how you have treated your slaves, and you will see those warriors fire their muskets in the air, and throw their spears at their feet." His advice was followed, and a messenger dispatched to John.

When day appeared, it discovered a scene of desolation. Most of the houses within view were on fire, and the plantations laid waste. In a few places the cattle were seen feeding in security; but in most others, the men and animals were discovered flying across the country, pursued by the exasperated negroes. John had given orders to spare neither man, woman, or child, in the places where his brethren had been harshly treated; in others, he contended himself with giving liberty to the slaves; but he set fire to every house that was deserted. In his course he proceeded to the plantation of Wilmot,

with a detachment of thirty men. John or rather Zimeo (for the revolted negroes quit the names they have received on their arrival in the colonies) was a young man, about two and twenty years of age. The statues of Apollo and Antonius do not show more regular features, or more beautiful proportions. He had an air of grandeur, and seemed born to command. He was still warm from the fight; but in accosting Wilmot and Filmer, his eyes expressed affection and good will. The most opposite sentiments showed themselves by turns in his countenance; he was almost in the same moment, sorrowful and cheerful, furious and tender. "I have avenged my race, (said he) and myself; think not hardly, ye men of peace, of the unfortunate Zimeo: shrink not at the blood with which he is covered; it is that of the inhuman; it is to terrify the wicked that I set no bounds to vengeance." Then, turning to the slaves, "Choose, (said he) whether you follow me to the mountain, or remain with your master."

The negroes, falling at the feet of Wilmot, swore, with one voice, that they would rather die than leave him; that he had been a father to them rather than a master; and that their servitude had been a blessing rather than a bondage. At this scene Zimeo was affected and agitated with various emotions. Lifting up to heaven his eyes, that were ready to overflow, "O great Orissa! (cried he) thou who hast formed the heart, look down on these grateful men, these true men, and punish the barbarians that despise us, and treat us as we do not treat the beasts that thou hast made for our use." After this exclamation, he gave the hand of friendship to Wilmot and Filmer. "Thanks to Orissa! (said he) I have found some whites that I can love! My destiny is in your power; and all the riches I have made myself master of shall be yours, in return for the favour I have to ask of you." Wilmot assured him that he would, without recompense, render him any service that was in his power; he invited him to repose himself, and ordered refreshments to be brought for his attendants.

"My friends, (said he) the great Orissa knows that Zimeo is not naturally cruel; but that the whites have separated me from all that I hold dear—from the wise Matomba, who was the friend and guide of my youth and from the young beauty, who was my heart's whole treasure. Think not hardly, ye men of peace, of the unfortunate Zimeo. You can procure him a ship, and you can conduct him to the place where those are detained who are necessary to his existence." At this moment a young slave, a native of Benin, coming to speak with Wilmot, no sooner cast his eyes on Zimeo, than he gave a shriek, and retired with the utmost precipitation. Zimeo was silent for a moment,

when turning to Wilmot and his friend: "Listen, ye men of peace, (said he) to the story of my misfortunes, and acknowledge that I deserve your pity rather than your detestation: "The great Damsel, sovereign of Benin, whose heir I am, sent me, according to the ancient custom of the kingdom, to be educated by the husbandmen of Onebo. I was given in charge to Matomba, the wisest among them, the wisest of men. At the court of my father his counsel had often prevented evil, and been productive of good. While he was yet young, he retired to that village, in which, for ages, the heirs of the empire had been educated. There Matomba enjoyed all the pleasures that a benign sky, a bountiful soil, and a good conscience can bestow. In the village of Onebo, there were no animosities, no idleness, no deceit, no designing priests, no hardness of heart. The young princes had none but the most excellent examples set before their eyes. The wise Matomba eradicated those sentiments of pride and indolence, which the court and my earlier instructors had inspired me with. I laboured the ground like my master and his servants. I was instructed in the operations of agriculture, which is the source of all our riches. I was taught the necessity of being just, a duty incumbent on all men, that they may be able to educate their children, and cultivate their fields in peace; and I was shown that princes, like the labourers of Onedo, must be just toward one another, that they and their subjects may live happy and contented. My master had a daughter, the young Ellaroe. I loved her and soon found that my passion was returned. We had both of us preserved our innocence inviolate. I saw no other object in the creation but her: she saw no other but me, and we were happy. Her parents turned this to our mutual advantage: I was obedient to every command of Matomba, in the hope of making myself worthy of Ellaroe; and the hope of preserving her place in my heart, made every duty delightful to her. My attainments were all due to her, and hers to me. Five years had we thus spent with increasing attachment, when I demanded permission of my father to espouse Ellaroe. Oh! how I cherished the delightful thought that she would be my partner on the throne, and my friend in every period of life.

"I was expecting the answer of my father, when two merchants from Portugal arrived at Onebo. They brought for sale some implements of husbandry, several articles for domestic use, and some trifles of dress for women and children. We gave them ivory in exchange, and gold dust. They would have purchased slaves, but none, except criminals, are sold in Benin; and there were none of those in the village of Onebo. I questioned them with regard

to the arts and the manners of Europe. I found in your arts many superfluities, and in your manners much contradiction. You know the passion for which the blacks have for music and dancing. The Portuguese had many instruments that are unknown to us, and every evening they played on them the most lively and enchanting airs. The young people of the village gathered together, and danced around them; and there I danced with Ellaroe. The strangers brought us from their ships the most exquisite wines, with liquors and fruits that were delicious to our taste. They sought our friendship, and we loved them truly. They informed us one day, that they were now obliged to leave us, and to return to their country. The news affected the whole village, but no one more than Ellaroe. They told us with tears the day of their departure; and said, they should leave us with less regret if we would give them an opportunity to testify their regard, by entertaining us on board their ships. They pressed us to repair to them the next morning, with the young men and the prettiest girls of the village. Accordingly, conducted by Matomba, and by some old people for the sake of decency, we set off for the ships. "Onebo is but five miles from the sea, and we were on the shore an hour after sun rise. We saw two vessels at a little distance from each other; they were covered with branches of trees, and the sails and the cordage were loaded with flowers. As soon as our friends perceived us, they sounded their instruments; and welcomed us with songs. The concert and the decorations promised a delightful entertainment. The Portuguese came to receive us; they divided our company, and an equal number went on board each ship. Two guns were fired; the concert ceased; we were loaded with irons; and the vessels set sail."

Here Zimeo stopped for a moment; then resuming his story: "Yes, my friends," said he, "these men, to whom we had been prodigal of our wealth and of our confidence, carried us away, to sell us with the criminals they had purchased at Benin. I felt at once the misery of Ellaroe, of Matomba, and myself. I loaded the Portuguese with curses; I bit my chains, and wished I could die; but a look from Ellaroe changed my purpose. The monsters had not separated me from her. Matomba was in the other vessel. Three of our young men, and a young girl, found means to deprive themselves of life. I exhorted Ellaroe to imitate their example; but the pleasure of loving and being loved made her wish for life. The Portuguese impressed her with a belief that they intended us for a lot as happy as if we had formerly enjoyed. She hoped at least that we should not be separated, and that she

might again find her father. After having for some days wept the loss of our liberty, the pleasure of being always together stopt the tears of Ellaroe, and abated my despair. In those moments when we were not interrupted by the presence of our inhuman master, Ellaroe would fold me in her arms, and exclaim: "O, my friend! let us endeavour to support and encourage one another, and we shall resist all they can do to us: assured of your love, what have I to complain of? And what happiness is it that you would purchase at the expense of that which we now enjoy?" "These words infused into me extraordinary fortitude; and I had no fear but one—that of being separated from Ellaroe."

"We were more than a month at sea: there was little wind, and our course was slow; at length the winds failed us entirely, and it fell a dead calm. For some days the Portuguese gave us no more food than was barely sufficient to preserve us alive. Two negroes, determined on death, refused every species of nourishment; and secretly conveyed to us the bread and the dates that were designed for them. I concealed them with care, that they might be employed in preserving the life of Ellaroe. The calm continued; the sea, without a wave, presented one vast immoveable surface, and to which our vessel seemed attached. The sun and the stars in their silent course, disturbed not the profound repose that reigned over the face of the deep. Our anxious eyes were continually directed to that uniform and unbounded expanse, terminated only by heaven's arch, that seemed to enclose us as in a vast tomb. Sometimes we mistook the undulations of light for the motion of the waters; but that error was of short duration. Sometimes as we walked on the deck we took the resistance of the air for the agitation of a breeze; but no sooner had we suspended our steps, than the illusion vanished, and the image of famine recurring—presented itself to our minds with redoubled horror. Our tyrants soon reserved for themselves the provisions that remained; and gave orders that a part of the blacks should be sacrificed as food for the rest. It is impossible to say whether this order, so worthy of the men of your race, or the manner in which it was received, affected us the most. I read on every face a greedy satisfaction, a dismal terror, a savage hope. I saw those unfortunate companions of my slavery observe one another with voracious attention, and the eyes of tigers. Two young girls of the village of Onebo, who had suffered most by famine, were the first victims. The cries of these unhappy wretches still resounded in my ears; and I see the tears streaming from the eyes of their famished companions, as they devoured the horrid repast. The little

provisions which I had concealed from the observation of our tyrants, supported Ellaroe and myself, so that we were sure of not being destined to the sacrifice. I still had dates, and we threw into the sea, without being observed, the horrid morsels that were offered to us.

"The calm continuing, despondency began to seize our tyrants; they became remiss in their attention; they observed us slightly; and we were under little restraint. One evening when they retired, they left me on the deck with Ellaroe. When she perceived we were alone, she threw her arms around me, and I pressed her with rapture in mine. Her eyes beamed with an unusual expression of sensibility and tenderness. I had never in her presence experienced such ardour, such emotion, such palpitation, as in that moment. Long we remained thus enfolded in one another's arms, unable to speak. "O thou," said I, at last, "whom I had chosen to be companion on a throne, thou shalt at least be my companion in death!" "Ah, Zimeo!" said she, "perhaps the great Orissa will preserve our lives, and I shall be thy wife." "Ellaroe," I replied, "had not these monsters, by treachery prevailed, Damel would have chosen thee for my wife, as thy father had chosen me for thy husband. My beloved Ellaroe, do we still depend on the authority of Damel, and shall we now wait for orders which we can never receive? No! no! far from our parents, torn from our country, our obedience is now due only to our own hearts!" "O, Zimeo!" cried she, bedewing my face with her tears. "Ellaroe," said I, if you weep in a moment like this, you love not as I do." "Ah!" replied she, "observe, by the light of the moon, this unchangeable ocean! throw your eyes on these immoveable sails! behold, on the deck, the traces of the blood of my two friends; consider the little that remains of our dates; then, O Zimeo, be but my husband! be but my husband! and I shall be contented." So saying, she redoubled her caresses. We swore, in the presence of the great Orissa, to be united, whatever should be our destiny. A fresh breeze sprung up that carried the two vessels in three days to Porto Bello. There we met Matomba; he bathed me with his tears; he embraced his daughter, and approved of our marriage. Would you believe it, my friends, the pleasure of rejoining Matomba, the pleasure of being the husband of Ellaroe, the charms of her love, the joy of seeing her safe from such cruel distress, suspended in me all feeling of our misfortunes; I was ready to fall in love with bondage. Ellaroe was happy, and her father seemed reconciled to his fate. Yes, perhaps, I might have pardoned the monsters that had betrayed us; but Ellaroe and her father

were sold to an inhabitant of Porto Bello, and I to a man of your nation, who carried slaves to Antilles.

"It was then that I felt the extent of my misery; it was then that my natural disposition was changed; it was then I imbibed that passion for revenge, that thirst of blood at which I myself shudder, when I think of Ellaroe, whose image alone is able to still my rage. When our fate was determined, my wife and her father threw themselves at the feet of the barbarian that separated us; even I prostrated myself before him. Ineffectual abasement! he did not even deign to listen to us. As they were preparing to drag me away, my wife, with wildness in her eyes, with out-stretched arms, and shrieks that still rend my heart, rushed impetuously to embrace me. I disengaged myself from those who held me. I received Ellaroe in my arms; she enfolded me in hers; and instinctively, by a sort of mechanical impulse, we clasped our hands together, and formed a chain round each other. Many cruel hands were employed, with vain efforts, to tear us asunder. I felt that these efforts would, however, soon prove effectual; I was determined to rid myself of life; but how leave in this dreadful world my dear Ellaroe. I was about to lose her for ever; I had every thing to dread; I had nothing to hope: my imaginations were desperate; the tears ran in streams down my face; I uttered only frantic exclamations or groans of despair, like the roarings of a lion exhausted in unequal combat. My hands gradually loosened from the body of Ellaroe, and began to approach her neck. Merciful Orissa! the whites extricated my wife from my furious embrace. She gave a loud shriek of despair as we were separated. I saw her carry her hands towards her neck to accomplish my fatal design: she was prevented: she took her last look of me. Her eyes, her whole countenance, her attitude, the inarticulate accents that escaped her, all bespoke the extremities of grief and of love. I was dragged on board the vessel of your nation; I was pinioned, and placed in such a manner, as to make any attempt on my life impossible; but they could not force me to take any sustenance. My new tyrants at first employed threats; at last they made me suffer torments which whites alone can invent: but I resisted all. A negro, born at Benin, who had been a slave for two years with my new master, had compassion on me. He told me we were going to Jamaica, where I might easily recover my liberty. He talked to me of the wild negroes, and of the commonwealth they had formed in the centre of the island. He told me that these negroes sometimes went on board English ships, to make depredations on the Spanish, and hinted, that in one of these cruises El-

laroe and her father might be rescued. He awakened in my heart the idea of vengeance and the hope of love. I consented to live; you now see for what. I am already revenged, but I am not satisfied till I regain the idols of my heart. If that cannot be, I renounce the light of the sun. My friends, take all my riches, and provide me a vessel."

Here Zimeo was interrupted by the arrival of Francisco, supported by the young negro, who had so suddenly retired upon the sight of his prince. No sooner had Zimeo perceived them, than he flew to Francisco. "O, my father! O Matomba!" cried he, "do I indeed see you again? O Ellaroe!" "She lives!" said Matomba, "she lives! she weeps your misfortunes; she belongs to this family!" "Lead me, lead me—" "See," interrupted Matomba, showing him Wilmot's friend "there is the man who saved us." Zimeo embraced by turns, now Matomba, now Wilmot, and now his friend; then, with wild eagerness, "Lead me," he cried, "to my love." Marianne, or rather Ellaroe, was approaching; the same negro who had met Matomba had gone in quest of her. She came trembling, lifting her hands and eyes to heaven; and with tears in her eyes in a faint voice, she could hardly utter, "Zimeo, Zimeo." She had put her child into the arms of the negro, and, after the first transports and embraces were over, she presented the little infant to her husband. "Zimeo, behold thy son! for him alone have Matomba and I supported life." Zimeo took the child, and kissed him a thousand, and a thousand times. "He shall not be a slave," cried he, "the son of my Ellaroe shall not be a slave to the whites." "But for him," said she, "but for him I should have quitted this world, in which I could not find the man whom my soul loved."

The most tender discourses at last gave way to the sweetest caresses, which were only suspended to bestow these caresses on their child. But soon their gratitude to Wilmot and his friend engrossed them wholly; and surely never did man, not even a negro, express his amiable sentiments so nobly and so well. Zimeo, being informed that the English troops were on their march, made his retreat in good order. Ellaroe and Matomba melted into tears on quitting Wilmot. They would willingly have remained his slaves, and conjured him to follow them to the mountain. He promised to visit them there, as soon as peace should be concluded between the wild negroes and the colony. He kept his word, and went thither often to contemplate the virtues of love, and the friendship of Zimeo, of Matomba, and Ellaroe.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

It has been observed that we are unreasonably desirous to separate the goods of life from those evils which providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wishes to be rich, but very few have the powers necessary to raise a sudden fortune, by new discoveries, or superiority of skill in any necessary employment; and among lower understandings many want the firmness and industry requisite to regular gain and gradual acquisitions. From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than those of labour, and more generally practicable than those of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingness to snatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken possession of the mind, is seldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waste life in perpetual delusion, and generally ends in wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exaltation and visionary prosperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchasers of tickets; there are multitudes whose life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happiness, and how often soever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure. Among the most resolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered the mortals whose hope is to raise themselves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their industry on the assiduities of courtship, and sleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this class, is my old friend Leviculus, whom I have never known for thirty years without some matrimonial project of advantage. Leviculus was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his person, the sprightliness of his prattle, and the neatness of his dress, so much enamoured his master's second daughter, a girl of sixteen, that she declared her resolution to have no other husband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulness, consented to the match, not much to the satisfaction of Leviculus, who was sufficiently elated with his conquest to think himself entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, soon rid of his perplexity, for his mistress died before their marriage.

Leviculus was so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter, and when his apprenticeship expired, instead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or associating himself with those who were most eminent for their

knowledge of the stocks, he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a modish wig, listened to wits in coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs, talked with familiarity of high play, boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen, who often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocular-ity of bilking a tailor, and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

Thus furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the first warmth of self-approbation proposed no less than the possession of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to Flavilla, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who not being accustomed to amorous blandishments or respectful addresses, was delighted with the novelty of love, and easily suffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where she visited. Leviculus did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandestine marriage, would soon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his son-in-law, and was in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball, and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a small estate in the country, where, after his usual inquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with such jealous officiousness, as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, nevertheless, discovered his passion in a letter, and Altilia could not withstand the pleasure of hearing vows and sighs, and flatteries, and protestations. She admitted his visits, enjoyed, for five years, the happiness of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarm, and amused herself with the various stratagems which were practised to disengage her affections. Sometimes she was advised with great earnestness to travel for her health, and sometimes entreated to keep her brother's house. Many stories were spread to the disadvantage of Leviculus, by which she commonly seemed affected for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of their falsehood. But being at last satiated with this ludicrous tyranny, she told her lover when he pressed for the reward of her services, that she was very sen-

sible of his merit, but was resolved not to impoverish an ancient family.

Leviculus then returned to the town, and soon after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady distinguished by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy, and therefore Leviculus, who had scarcely confidence to solicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himself distinguished by her with such marks of preference as a woman of modesty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without resentment, in time permitted him to hope for happiness, and at last fixed the nuptial day without any distrustful reserve of pin-money or sordid stipulations for jointure, and settlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom frequent bribes had secured in his service. She soon burst into his room, and told him, that she could not suffer him to be longer deceived; that her mistress was now spending the last payment of her fortune, and was only supported in her expense by the credit of his estate. Leviculus shuddered to see himself so near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his escape to the resentment of the maid, who having assisted Latronia to gain the conquest, quarrelled with her at last about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate, till one Sunday he saw a lady, whom her dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad resplendence of her countenance, he guessed to have lately buried some prosperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no less than the relict of Prune the grocer, who, having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his estates real and personal. No formality was necessary in addressing Madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning without an introducer. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, then showed him the door, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus discovered that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to his attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to people of property; and agreed with her in the detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy

fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city. He sometimes presumed to mention marriage; but was always answered with a slap, a hoot, and a flounce. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning, with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring shop, of whom she had become enamoured at her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown gray with age, fatigue, and disappointment. He begins at last to find that success is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, is condemned to wear out a tasteless life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

FORKS.—The vulgar proverb, that "fingers were made before forks," has perhaps a more curious meaning than the generality of readers might suppose. Forks for the table have not been invented much more than two hundred years. In early times they were not known even at the entertainments of a sovereign; but the guest who sat nearest to a joint, held one part in his fingers, while he carved the other with his knife. They appear to have had their origin in Italy; and to have been introduced into England, either in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or the beginning of the reign of James I. They were not very common until after the restoration. The half-barbarian Persians now take up the meat with their fingers.

The poet Cowper suggested the idea of poetical law reports; he was probably not aware that an ingenious author had actually versified the substance of Sir Edward Coke's Reports:—

'The point of each case (with the name)
is comprised in a couplet, as in the following instances:

- 'ARCHER. If he for life enfeoff in fee,
It bars remainders in contingency
- 'SNACC. If a person says, "he kill'd my wife,"
No action lies if she be yet alive.
- 'FOSTER. Justice of peace may warrant send
To bring before him such as do offend.'

MATTHEW MATTOCKS.—A gentleman, who had just taken his degree of B. A. in

the University of Cambridge, going down into the north of England on a visit immediately after, was asked by a person (whose pronunciation savoured of the provincial), "whether he knew MATHEMATICS." The Cantab, supposing that he alluded to a person of that name who lived in the neighbourhood, replied, "I don't know *Matthew Matlocks*, but I know his brother *Richard*."

VOYAGE TO THE MOON.—Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, in the reign of Charles II., had attempted to show the possibility of a voyage to the Moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who had written thirteen volumes upon speculative subjects, meeting the Bishop one evening at a concert, accosted him thus: My lord, suppose you were able to carry me to the moon, where am I to bait in my way thither?" "Madam," said he, "of all people in the world, I should not have expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might sleep every night in one of them."

A COMPLIMENT RETURNED IN FULL.—Porson once happened to be in the company of Dr. Jackson, an Oxonian, who, thinking to pay the learned professor a flattering compliment, said to him, "Porson, you are the only man that ever left the University of Cambridge, learned in Greek." The professor, whose wit, like the "*whoop halloo!*" of a keen sportsman when his dogs are at fault, was always at command, responded to the doctor's flattery, "And you, doctor, are the only man that ever left Oxford with any learning at all."

THE GREAT CALF.—A company disputing on the superiority of Oxford to Cambridge, a gentleman present remarked that the decision could not affect him, because he was educated at both:—"That," said an old gentleman present, "puts me in mind of a calf, which, I remember, when I was a lad, was suckled by two cows." "Really," said the university gentleman; "and pray, sir, what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he turned out the *greatest calf I ever saw in my life*."

A RARE MATHEMATICAL WIND.—The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having blown down the night previous), meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this."—"Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare *mathematical wind*."—"Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other. "How so?"—"Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many roots!"

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NESSERIE.

No II.

THEIR marriages require only the consent of the Sheik and the farmer of the village: there is no contract in writing; after the price of the girl is agreed upon with the parents (for the Nesserie buy a wife with the same formalities as they use for the acquisition of a mare or a cow) the marriage is concluded. The rejoicings begin on Monday; the music and dances continue till Thursday; then the bride is mounted on a horse, and led round the village: she is preceded by a troop of young people, who wave a white handkerchief tied to a pole, and accompanied by all the inhabitants of the place, men, women, and children, singing, and uttering cries of joy in the manner of the Arabs. After this, a person in the crowd advances to make a collection; every one present gives a piece of money according to his ability; the produce of the collection is given to the bridegroom, who employs it to provide a plentiful supper for the whole company. As for widows, their own consent is sufficient to contract a second marriage; the intended husband has nothing to pay to the parents of the woman. The man repudiates his wife, as soon as he can prove that she has been guilty of infidelity to him, takes back from her parents the price which he has paid for her; and, if he likes, marries another a few days afterwards. The gallant is obliged to marry the woman that is forsaken, or to absent himself for a year and a day; but the woman is punished with death if she has been intimate with a man not of her nation.

The Nesserie wash their dead, like the Turks. Their mourning consists in blackening their faces, loosening their turbans, which they suffer to hang carelessly on the neck, and in not changing their clothes till the expiration of 40 days. They all believe the Metempsychosis; they revere the memory of some of their Sheiks and Santons, who have died, with a reputation for sanctity: and make no account of oaths in the name of God, of which they are very lavish on the most trifling occasions. The Turks, accordingly, place them below the Jews, and assert that they are people without any honour, whose lives and property may be taken with impunity; they even think that it is a meritorious deed in them as Musselmans, to shed the impure blood of a Nesserie. This warlike people of mountaineers would

be strong enough to shake off the yoke of the Turks, and to live independently, if they were not divided by interested motives, almost all occasioned by implacable family hatreds. The Nesserie are vindictive, and cherish their rancour for a length of time; even the death of the guilty person cannot assuage their fury; their vengeance is incomplete if it does not fall besides on one or several members of his family.

Their territory extends from Antioch nearly to Tripoli. They occupy almost all the mountains to the East of Latakia, and a great part of the plain. This territory is divided into 16 Moukataa, or farmed districts, each consisting of 10 or 25 villages, commanded by Moukadem, or governors, who receive the investiture every year from the Mutselim of Latakia, and pay annually 400 pieces of *miry*. Of these 16 departments, one is occupied by Turks and Christians, three by Turcomans, and another by the Kadamesé—a race of idolaters. The other nine are inhabited by the Nesserie and a few christians. Their whole population, not including that of the environs of Aleppo, of Antioch, and of Caramania, where there are a great many Nesserie, amounts to nearly 40,000 souls, inhabiting 182 villages, of which 32 are in the plain.

This agricultural, but poor people, is crushed under oppression of every kind, which often obliges the Moukataa, situated on the summit of the mountains in inaccessible places, to revolt; which completes the ruin of the defenceless districts, which are pillaged without mercy when the Turkish troops pass through them. All the peasants, or shepherds, with whom they meet, though innocent, and not belonging to the revolted districts, are seized, bound, and cast into noxious dungeons, and are most frequently condemned to the stake, a kind of punishment which is particularly reserved for the unhappy Nesserie.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. Brooks

PUNCH'S OPERA.

No II.

At length Punch enters to the expectant throng, who 'hold him rich had he not a shirt,' and he begins his career amidst shouts of applause which accompany him to its termination. His domestic felicity is interestingly and beautifully painted; and his love for his amiable wife, and his warm affection for his engaging offspring, are described with great skill; but still more remarkable is

this skill shown in the contrast which is immediately afterwards presented, when the storm of passion sweeps over his soul; he provides for the child of his love by throwing it out of the window, and divorces himself, by the summary process of knocking his wife on the head. This is highly tragic. In the hands of Maturin or a Shiel, or indeed of any other of our Irish dramatists, how this simple incident might be amplified into five good-sized acts, and leave hints enough beside to cut up into a prologue and epilogue. or in the mouth of such an orator as Mr. Charles Phillips, would jurors be made to weep like so many church spouts at St. Swithin's tide; and, were Mister Punch even arraigned for the deed,

'Disturb cool justice on her judgment-seat
By shouting Innocence!'

Before our tears are dried, however, this inimitable hero again calls up our smiles; and a little adventure which he has in the dog stealing line is irresistibly whimsical. It does not indeed end much to his advantage, but the fate of war is ever uncertain; the battle is not always to the strong, and to be never beaten is not to be a hero. Punch then devotes himself to the study of music, and pursues it with that ardour which distinguishes all he undertakes; he knows no tame, trite medium, but gives up all the strength of his mighty soul to whatever he attempts. The instrument upon which he plays is as simple as it is melodious; it is merely a tin box with a button fastened in it. In the hand of any other person it would bid defiance to all endeavours to extract from it sweet sounds; but when rattled by Punch, and accompanied by his singular rich voice, it gives forth ravishing melody. But there be men in the world who 'have not music in their souls,' and such an one comes to disturb our hero's amusement. With insulting and threatening words and gestures he orders Punch to begone; and because obedience does not forthwith follow his high behest, he brings (monstrous indignity!) a cudgel, which he lays about our hero's wooden ribs, with a violence past all jesting. But now the natural nobility of Punch's character shines forth; he indulges in no vain complaint; he makes no empty threats;

'Upon his brow no outward passion speaks,
From his large eyes no flashing anger breaks,
Yet there is something fixed in his low tone,
Which shows resolve, determined, though unknown.'

He retires for a moment; returns with his own trusty quarter-staff, and with a force and fury as irresistible as a headlong torrent, he takes an ample revenge upon the head of his cruel adversary, whom he utterly disqualifies from offering any future offence.

Punch is no less great in every other part

of his achievements; he calls for his horse, and caracoles, and curvets with an activity and grace that

'Witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

But here his ill fate again besets him, and he is thrown. To a truly brave and wise man there is good in every thing. So when a doctor is called, and Punch has recovered upon his arrival, he nobly keeps up his own character and does a real benefit to society by kicking the medical gentleman's teeth down his throat. An admirable sense of justice, which all who witness must appreciate.

But the prejudices of the world call killing a man murder, and some justice of the peace being ignorant enough to grant a warrant, our gallant friend is seized and dragged to prison. We do not see him on his trial, but there can be no doubt that his magnanimity would support him becomingly upon that, as upon all other occasions. We behold him, however, led forth to execution; a vile gibbet is erected, upon which cruel and misjudging men have doomed him to die. But there is a guardian genius which watches over such spirits as Punch's, and uniting wisdom to valour, he pretends not to understand how he shall put his head in the fatal noose. All his efforts to accomplish this task seem to be in vain; and he is ever the wider off the mark the longer he attempts its accomplishment. At length the hangman (the Mr. Cheshire of the opera), in the impatience of his ignorance, thrusts his own neck into the halter, for the purpose of showing Punch how he ought to be hanged; when the hero, quick as summer lightnings, and powerful as the fabled Hercules, suddenly seizes the wretched caitiff in his *lignum vitæ* arms, and thus keeps him in suspense until his base soul quits his baser carcass. Then carolling his loud joys, and half bursting with laughter, he proceeds upon his triumphant course, leaving the hangman an object for

'The hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.'

And now having performed this last exploit, he has but one other feat to do, and to this his fate quickly leads him. The great enemy, trembling at the powers of Punch, and fearing that every principle of evil must be annihilated, unless he check his career, comes in all his might, and in all the horrors of his own person to terrify and to destroy him. But nothing can make Punch quail; firmly he grasps his weapon and boldly he defies his diabolical enemy. A most terrific combat ensues, and in such a fight the odds are always on the devil's side; but virtue gives strength to her own hero; conscious innocence and honest pride nerve the arm of valour; the power of darkness

falls before him ; and the great, the victorious Punch vanishes from the sight of the spectators, leaving them full of solemn wonder and chastised delight !

One of the chief features of excellence which this opera displays, is its universality, and the generosity with which it is exhibited. The ragged old gentleman, formerly noticed, merely holds out his hat for the donations of the liberal ; he exacts nothing ; the entertainment is open as day, and the man who has neither cross nor coin in his pocket partakes of its delights as fully as the richest member of the community. It is like the blessed and liberal air, breathed by all alike, and seems to be the gift of some beneficent power, to gratify and amuse the world at large. The good conduct of Punch is observed by all the other actors in the play ; ' they are a civil company ; they offer not to flee, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do ; and then there goes not so much charge to the feastings of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the others, by reason of their littleness.' Let Punch set up his standard wherever he may, the mere sound of his voice calls an innumerable troop about him, and no one moves till the curtain falls upon his fascinating and unrivalled exhibition.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NICHOLAS BREAKSPEAR.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEAR was elevated to the Throne of the Vatican, (then deemed the highest dignity in all Christendom) in the same month which witnessed the coronation of Henry II. 1154. He is also further signalized, as being the only Englishman who ever wore the triple crown. He was the son of Robert Chambers, an obscure clerk, and afterwards Monk of St. Alban's and had been rejected by the Abbot of that Monastery, on the ground of incapacity. Stung with this disgrace, and the reproaches of his father, he travelled to Paris, without any other resource than the alms of the charitable ; studied with applause in that University, and, wandering into Provence, was admitted among the regular Canons of St. Rufus. Here his brethern, by their free choice, raised him successively to the offices of Friar and Abbot ; but the virtues which had won their esteem in an equal, became objects of hatred in a superior ; and, to free themselves from the rule of a stranger, they presented an accusation against him to Pope Eugenius. The Pontiff conversed with Nicholas, appreciated his merit, and endeavoured to reconcile him to the Canons.

After a short interval they offered another complaint. " Go," replied Eugenius, with a smile ; " elect another Abbot :—the Englishman is the Cardinal Bishop of Albano." In his new station he did honour to the discernment and choice of his patron. He was sent with the authority of legate to the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway ; and, during the four years of his mission, acquired the confidence not only of Eugenius, but also of his successor Anastatius. On the day after the decease of the latter, the unsolicited votes and unanimous suffrages of the Bishops and Cardinals elevated him to the Pontifical throne. His exaltation was received by the clergy and people with shouts of joy ; and the only person who appeared not to partake of the general exultation was Nicholas himself. In England, the information was received with transport. Every man felt proud that one of his countrymen had been raised to the first dignity in the Christian world ; and three Bishops were appointed to offer the new Pope the congratulations of the King and the Nation. To John of Salisbury, a learned Monk who accompanied them, Adrian (such was the name he had assumed) unbosomed himself without reserve, spoke of real regret of his elevation, and complained of the multiplicity of business which absorbed his whole time and attention. In his cell, at St. Rufus, he observed, he had tasted happiness ; but in his ascent to greatness, at every step he had been harassed with additional cares. Beholders might deem the tiara a splendid, but the wearer found it a burning crown. His principal act, in the course of his short reign, was the Bull by which he bestowed Ireland upon Henry II. He reigned five years ; and what is very singular, retained, during the whole of that time, the love and respect of all, and died in 1159.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

FURTHER information concerning the minerals and fossils of Lockport, (see our *Minerva* for Nov. 13, 1824, Vol. II. N. S. P. 39.)

The River Tonewanto falls into the Niagara, several miles to the northward of Lake Erie : while the Genessee river reaches Lake Ontario a short distance below Rochester. The Rocky Ridge separating the waters of these two streams has been penetrated and excavated with vast

ingenious labour, in constructing the Western Grand Canal of New-York. This operation has brought to light through the care and exertions of Dr. Marlin Johnson, and others, more interesting productions of nature, than perhaps all the rest of the line, not excepting the upper or little falls of Mohock. Among the splendid specimens, the entertainer had succeeded in procuring, were several of exquisite beauty, and great rarity. The varieties of the *Carbonates* of Lime, are delicate and admirable; so are the *fluates*; and yet more particularly so the *sulphates*, equalling the transparency and lustre of the best Glass. The *Sulphurets of Lead, Iron and Zinc*, diversifying the articles, are additionally interesting. But above all, the Sulphates of Strontian, for size, weight, figure, and every important particular, surpass in all probability every thing the terraqueous globe contains. The Museum now contains about fifty specimens of the best selection.

Natural productions of the East Florida Coast.

Capt. Welden brings a bag of Shells and Sponges, gathered by him, after his Shipwreck on board the vessel bearing the floating light, during the early part of the season. The collection consists chiefly of the testaceous coverings of the bivalve and univalve molluscas inhabiting the eastern side of the Bahama strait; such as *spondyluses*, *arcas*, *cardiums*, *ostreas*, &c, and *buccinums*. *Pelices*, *fratellas*, *serpulas*, &c; which he wishes, water-worn as they are, to put in a place where they may be preserved, and be useful in the promotion of science. Capt. W. was associated for generous dealing, with B. Hall, Esq. late collector of the King's revenue at Nassau, in New Providence, one of the entertainer's very particular friends, who some years ago, sent boxes filled with the marine productions of the Bahama-islands. On departing Capt. W. said he hoped to be more fortunate on his return to the place of his late disaster, and in that case he could bring home a richer assemblage of articles.

Daniel Claus's Mohock Prayer-Book.
(Protestant.)

A book bound in red morocco leather, was produced, with information that it had been just purchased from a stall in Green-

wich-Street, N. Y. The title page contained a writing expressive of the name of Daniel Claus, Esq. who was editor of the publication, and P. T. Agent during the year 1780, for the six Indian nations in the province of Quebec. A coat of arms within the cover, in neat engraving, is principally defaced or torn away; but from the *cross keys* distinguishable in the upper part of the field, and the motto "*Sub alis tuis*" below, with some other remnants, it is presumed a herald could decide upon the family exhibiting such an armorial bearing.

It is a work in the Mohock or Iroquois dialect, done under the direction of the Missionaries from the venerable society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, to the Mohock Indians: and contains the order for morning and evening prayer, and administration of the Sacraments, and some other offices of the Church of England; together with a collection of Prayers, and some sentences of the Holy Scripture necessary for knowledge and practice.

This is the third edition, and sent forth, *flagrante bello pro libertate fredoniana*, for influencing the native tribes, by order of Frederick Haldimand, Captain general and Commander in Chief of all his majesty's forces in the province of Quebec and its dependencies, and Governor of the same, &c. &c. The compilation contains curious materials for the consideration of the revolutionary patriot, of the religious missionary, of the historical inquirer and the philological investigator.

More recent publication, for the religious benefit of the Iroquois. (Catholic.)

From Montreal, (called in the native aboriginal tongue, Teiotiagi) came the publication through Lane and Bowman's press, during the year 1818, of the manual in one hundred pages duodecimo, containing *an exposition of the christian religion*, brought forward by the missionaries of the church of Rome, for distribution among the gentiles and heathen; showing the fallacious ground upon which they stand—and the importance of adopting the true faith. Mess. B. C. Brown and John Johnson were respectfully noticed for their interesting communication; showing the interest taken by the new and the old church for the conversion of the unenlightened; and the occurrence of words occupying half a line, (or *sesquipedal-*

lia verba) on every page, soliciting the learned notice and critical acumen of our admirable and accomplished *Duponcean*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

That the Salmon may be naturalized as a fresh-water fish, has been inferred by Mr. N. Mill, who, at the period when the fry of the salmon were retreating to the sea, caught a good many of them, which measured about four inches in length, and put them immediately into a fish-pond, about thirty yards square, and three to four feet deep, with a clay bottom, supplied by a stream of water; and about twelve months afterwards he found there young salmon eight inches long, and apparently healthy, though lean: indicating, that in more ample waters, where they may range at large, and procure that food and situation most congenial to their habits they would attain their natural size.

The destruction of insects prejudicial to gardens, has been accomplished, by freely using the following mixture as a wash for the stems and branches of plants, in open weather, in January or February, viz. Tobacco leaves cut small, are infused in hot water, but not boiled, which would dissipate the essential oil; in the infusion gum arabic is dissolved, and the flour of sulphur intimately mixed therein. This has also been found a valuable pickle for seed wheat.

REMEDY AGAINST THE BITE OF SERPENTS—The shrub *guaco*, a sort of climber, or pliant willow, found in the warm and temperate regions of Santa Fé, about 45° N. lat., not only possesses the property of neutralizing the venom of the rattle-snake, and other serpents, whose bites prove fatal in the course of a few minutes, but may be used as a prophylactic, and with such efficacy, that some doses of the juice of the pounded leaves, properly administered, will be a complete antidote against the bite of these reptiles.

ANTS.—M. Dunau, the French naturalist, in a memoir on the insect tribe denominated *Aphis*, or *Puceron*, asserts, in concluding with observations on the relations existing between these animals and the genus *formica*, that the latter insects are perfectly innocent of the injury they are commonly accused of occasioning to the vegetables near which they fix their dwelling. He also adds, that ants are equally innoxious with regard to the pucerons as to trees. They pursue them merely for the purpose of extracting a certain juice or liquor which is contained in their bodies; and in obtaining which they may sometimes use rather too violent a degree of pressure for the pucerons to sustain without injury.

THE GRACES.

THE FEMALE TOPER.

In the recently published correspondence of the Countess of Suffolk and her friends, is a letter written by Gay the poet, in which he mentions a young lady, the peculiarities of whose character excite a mixed feeling, in which compassion and contempt are so closely blended, that it is difficult to decide which predominates. His letter is dated from Tonbridge, July 20, 1723, and is as follows: "We have a young lady here that is very particular in her desires. I have known some ladies, who, if ever they prayed, and were sure their prayers would prevail, would ask an equipage, a title, a husband, or matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has but thirty thousand pounds, places all her wishes in a pot of good ale. When her friends for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that, by the loss of shape and complexion, she can only lose a husband; but that ale is her passion. I have not yet drank with her, though, I must own, I cannot help being fond of a lady who has so little disguise of her practice, either in her words or appearance. If to shew you love her, you must drink with her, she has chosen an ill place for followers, for ale is forbid with the waters. Her shape is not very unlike a barrel; and I would describe her eyes, if I could look over the agreeable swellings of her cheeks in which the rose predominates; nor can I perceive the least of the lily in her whole countenance. You see what thirty thousand pounds can do, for without that I should never have discovered all these agreeable peculiarities! in short, she is the *ortolon*; or rather the *wheat-ear* of the place, for she is entirely a lump of fat; and the form of the universe itself is scarce more beautiful, for her figure is almost circular." The lady whose character provoked this satirical description, was a *Miss Mary Jennings*, who died in November, 1736; leaving behind her the reputation of great riches, corpulence, and a most immoderate partiality for the juice of the barley-corn.

ABELARD AND THE TOMB OF ELOISA.

During the revolution of France, the Paraclete monastery was reduced to ruin, and the shrine over the remains of the long buried pair, carried to Paris, to complete the pageant of an antiquarian museum. But it may not be quite so well known, that when,

on the accession of Napoleon Bonaparte to the supreme power of France, he ordered Paraclete, amongst other places of the kind, to be restored; the person who visited it for that purpose, went down into the vaults: and found in one of them, the stone coffins which contained the remains of Abelard and Eloisa.—The lid over hers was loose.—The Abbe le Sage, (the messenger from Napoleon,) moved it aside, and beheld beneath, the shrouded corse of Eloisa. Her form seemed perfect for a few minutes; the burial garments appeared fresh, as if interred but yesterday; the face and hands of the deceased might have been taken for a yellowish marble. The forms were beautiful, though shrunk; but in the moment he was gazing on them, the whole vanished from his eyes, by the effect of the atmosphere, falling to the bottom of the coffin, into a heap of scattered dust; the bones also remained—shewing that it was a human body which had so lately met his sight, and was now faded into almost nothing—And that human body, had once been lovely, loving, and beloved woman!—The impression it made on the Abbe was too solemn for tears—He took away the rib, which had so lately covered the once beating fond heart of Eloisa, and put it in his own bosom.—The coffins of herself, and her wedded lover, were then secured; and, shortly after, removed by him to Paris, where they were committed to the consecrated ground of *Pire le Chaise*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THREE WEEKS AFTER THE WEDDING.

No. II.

Friday, May 12th.—Dull rainy day. Jem Baggs called, and invited himself to dine with me. Afflicted, as usual, with the blue devils of a bachelor, and waxed sentimental over his port-wine. Told us, among other minutiae, of his having formed an attachment in his youth which was broken off by the coquetry of his intended. Drank a bumper in joy (as he called it, with a sigh,) of his escape, and requested me to lend him some lively book to restore the tone of his spirits. Recommended “Rejected Addressee,” at which I thought Fanny would have died with laughing.

Saturday, May 13th.—Rain, incessant rain. Walked up and down the room, twirling my watch-chain, for exercise. Made some alterations in the death of Cæsar, but could not kill him to my satisfaction. Thought of my snug little study in Pine-street. Proposed, by way of amusement, Fanny and myself should read together

Shakespeare’s “Venus and Adonis”—she to read the part of “Venus,” and I that of “Adonis. Declined on plea of severe headache. *Qu.*—Are head-aches catching? fancy I have got one myself.

Sunday, May 14th.—Continued rain. What an inconceivable atrocity is a wet Sunday in the country! Heard the bells. Had luncheon by way of amusement. Looked out of window and busied myself in counting the eve-drops. Fanny up stairs arranging her dress for to-morrow. Thought of my books in Pine-street. Untied my shoe-strings in order to have the pleasure of tying them again. *Mem:* It seems a long while to dinner, my watch must surely be wrong.

Monday, May 15th.—Returned to town. Fanny dressed in the extreme of fashion, and full, as usual, of smiles and vivacity. Met one Captain Dermont O’Doherty, of Ballyshannon; a former suitor of my wife’s, (till he found that she had nothing) and an Irishman. Formally introduced to him, and shaken, on the spot, by a hand as hard as a deal board. *Mem:* Fanny seems much taken with him—but this, of course; the fellow is full of cravat and compliment, stands six feet high by about three broad, and enjoys moreover the full possession of a nose or snout clubbed with little red spots like a shoe with hob-nails. Can’t say I think much of him.

Tuesday, May 19th.—Received a visit from the long Irishman. Offered Fanny and myself tickets for the next concert. Kicked her under the table as a hint to decline them: no use, one might as well kick a post. Fellow staid a full hour, during which Mrs. Higgs never ceased talking. Very strange she can’t talk as much with me.

Wednesday, May 17th.—Had a tiff with Mrs. Higgs about the long Irishman. In return she called me jealous; shows how little she knows of human nature. How can I be jealous of such an uncouth, raw-boned, disjointed, potatoe-munching jack-anapes? called him so before her face, and got nick-named, an old frump, in return. *Mem.* That’s all one gets for one’s good-nature. “Old frump,” indeed! think of that now. I should not mind her calling me a ‘frump,’ but “old”—besides, ’tis no such thing, I shall not be fifty till the first of April. Went to bed in a rage, and dreamed of the long Irishmen.

Thursday, May 18th.—Walked out before breakfast, and met the long Irishman. I detest swearing, but curse him, what does he mean by it? Returned home exceedingly hippish: no conversation, no books, no amusements, no friend; nothing human, in short, but Mrs. Frances Higgs, and “she’s of the feminine gender,” as Lingo says.

Dined at three o'clock, and helped twice to cheese, by way of something to do. Went to the theatre, and encored the passage "What lost Mark Antony the world? a woman." Nudged Mrs. Higgs, and whispered in her ear, that even a woman was preferable to a wife. "Or a husband either," said she. "One never knows the value of an object until it be lost," said I. "Then I hope you will soon give me an opportunity of appreciating yours," said she. What a fit subject for sale under the Roman law!—but no; I should never meet with a purchaser.

Friday, May 19th.—Received three letters of congratulation on my marriage. Fancy they were meant as sneers, and wrote, in reply, that I was as well as could be expected. Lounged at the Circulating-library, and met, on my return, the confounded Irishman in earnest conversation with my wife. How could Mrs. Higgs imagine that it was possible to be jealous of such a wretch? Had a quarrel with her about him, (not that I think him worth quarrelling about,) and rushed in a rage to the theatre. *Mem:* I forgot to mention that Mrs. Higgs went with me.

Saturday, May 20th.—Another quarrel, as usual. Astonishing Mrs. Higgs can't keep her temper. Threatened to fling the blue sugar-basin at my head. What a vixen, but its no use, I see clearly how it is; I'm a wretch for life. Received in this alarming state a letter of condolence from Tomkins. Replied, by return, as follows;—"Dear Tom, if you have not already perpetrated matrimony, avoid it as you value your life. Hanging is a mere joke to it."—Put my note in the Post, and went to bed distracted.

Sunday, May 21st.—Went to church by way of doing penance for my guilt. Returned home filled (thank God,) with Christian meekness, and met the long Irishman chatting as usual with Mrs. Higgs. Cursed like a madman, and told her to pack up, as I intended to pack off for another country. Quite sick of this detestably dull place, fit only for such a scamp as O'Doherty. Received another letter of congratulation on my marriage, and had serious thoughts of sending a challenge in reply. Walked out, and saw a man who looked as miserable as myself. Concluded that he was just married. N. B. Is it not a shocking thing that a gentleman of my years should be thus tortured? But I'll not stand it: I'll run off to Europe.—Shoot, drown, poison, or hang myself in my garters, as an awful warning to Bachelors. Said so to Mrs. Higgs and was thanked, in reply for my kind intentions. What a brute!—but I deserve it: and thus ends the HONEYMOON of that unhappy wretch, BENE-DICK HIGGS.

To the Patrons of the Minerva.

On Saturday next the patrons of the Minerva will be supplied with the New-York Literary Gazette. The subscriber's protracted ill health has prevented him from making the contemplated change in the paper before this time. The new paper being a continuation of the Minerva, will be published in the same form and on the same terms. The subscriber intends to devote the whole of his time and industry to the undertaking, and he trusts that the patrons of the Minerva will be satisfied with the change.

Communications and subscriptions will henceforth be addressed to the subscriber, No. 4 Wall-street.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

Sept. 3, 1825.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Alluding to a paragraph in a London paper, which lately asserted that *Dr. Greenfield* is the author of the Waverly novels, the Liverpool Mercury proposes to resume the consideration of the subject, which occupied the attention of the editor five years ago, and remarks that he has never abandoned the opinion, "that whatever share Sir Walter Scott may have in editing, revising, embellishing, or adding to these celebrated works, he is not their *bona fide* author."

The bones of a mammoth have been discovered in Geneseo, Livingston county, by a gentleman in cleaning out a spring in a wet marshy place. The bones were a few feet below the surface of the ground; and from their situation, it is supposed that the animal mired in the soft earth, and perished in a standing posture.

Two beds of coal have been discovered in M'Kean connty, (Pa.) near navigable waters, which fall into the Alleghany river, near Olean Point.

An American merchant has ordered 12,000 dozens of chessmen from a manufacturer at Nuremburg.

MARRIED,

Mr. P. Nelson to Miss Margaret Watkins.
Mr. C. Willcox to Miss Jane Andrews.
Mr. John Sexton to Miss Hannah Thomas.
Mr. B. C. Burton to Miss C. Ann Sapp.
Mr. Mark Akerman to Miss P. Marden.
Mr. W. Farnsworth to Miss E. L. Young.
Mr. E. Seaver to Miss Susan Harris.

DIED,

Mr. L. Hallam, aged 30 years.
John Forbes, Esq.
Mr. Samuel Cunningham, aged 57 years.
Mr. James Meaghan, aged 33 years.
Mrs. Ann Howser, aged 53 years.
Mrs. Bridget Hayes.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

ISABEL.

Beside the Atlantic ocean, which upheaves
Its wintry waves against the rocky beach,
That guards the eastern shore
Of Albion's happy isle,
Lived Isabel—upon whose lovely cheek
The rose of eighteen summers, seldom wet
With sorrow's blighting shower,
Now spread its full blown leaves.

Although she dwelt among the haunts of men,
And mingled with the crowd—although she met
The withering ocean-breeze,
Upon her evening walk—
A fairer, simpler blossom never blew
Beside the margin of a mountain brook,
And drunk the dews of heaven,
Unnoticed and unknown.

Her widow'd father was a mariner,
Who, in his youth, had plough'd the stormy seas;
And now, in quiet age,
Enjoy'd his early gains;
Enjoy'd the converse of his only child—
His Isabel—the representative
Of that dear bosom-friend,
Who wither'd in the grave.

It is not wonderful, that she who shone
In beauty and in innocence, supreme
Among her young compeers,
Should be devoutly loved;
Nor is it wonderful that she, whose heart
Was tremblingly alive to every throb
Of tender sympathy—
Should feel the power of love.

Francis and Isabel were lovers—few
Have ever loved so fondly—few have been
So near the brink of bliss,
Without arriving there:
The bridal-day was fix'd—the nuptial morn
Arose, in summer beauty, to awake
The flowers of earth—and all
Awoke—but Isabel.

Such is the mournful tale of Isabel—
And Heaven, as it would seem, in pity took
The mourners from this vale
Of darkness and of tears:
The bridegroom and his bride, with her old sire,
Have now their graves upon the rocky beach,
That meets the wintry waves
Of the Atlantic sea.

CANZONET.

Though the storm hath come o'er thee,
Let Love bear thee through;
There's a heaven before thee
In arms kind and true.
While the flag of my fate
Waves above my despair,
Let them rage—let them hate—
Still thy refuge is there.

To the winds give thy sorrow;
Love on and confide;
Let thy placid looks borrow
The smile of a bride:
For the feeling alone
With which fond hearts entwine,
Though the world's law disown,
Is a wedlock divine!

Be the care, and the strife,
And the danger, with me;
Let the sweet'ning of life
Be the sole charge on thee.
In a safe bower of bliss
Be thy gentleness laid;
By the balm of thy kiss
Be thy lover repaid.

Oh, banish all dread
Of a change in my truth;
Though the first fire be fled
From my swift-waning youth;—
Yet a flame unconsuming
Of firm faith is mine,
That shall brighten thy blooming,
And warm thy decline.

THE DECEIVER.

Accursed be he whose guileful tongue
Can wrong a woman's captive heart—
That fount from which has sweetly sprung
The joys it could alone impart—
Can turn that fount to grief and gall,
And poison her existence all!

Accursed be he whose lips can press
A woman's lips of sinless glow,
Yet leave them, mid her happiness,
To pour the lonely plaint of woe,
That, from the midnight shadows drear,
Is wafted to no human ear!

Accursed be he who twines his arms
Around a woman's melting form,
Yet leaves her praised and peerless charms
A prey to sorrow's canker-worm,
Like lovely flowers that pass away
Even in the sunbright month of May!

Accursed be he—ay, he may pass
Along the turf where she is laid,
Yet mid the rank and waving grass
A couchant serpent shall be laid,
That will a sting of conscience dart
To wither up his perjured heart!

ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

And art thou dead? No! thou canst never die;
For the eternal substance of thy name
Shall still endure—thy victories and thy fame;
And thy misfortunes shall to all reply,
In the bright volume of eternity,
"Napoleon lives!"—Thy spirit was a flame,
Blown from the Almighty's wrathful breath, which
came
And swept the sinning kingdoms fearfully.
And though thou art laid low in a narrow dell,
Where there's scarce earth enough to shroud thy
bones,

Thy spirit still from that sepulchral cell
Walks o'er the ocean, to shake tyrant thrones.
Thy name still lives—the grave is but to thee
The cradle of thy immortality.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

Come to my heart, thou pledge of love!
And while with life its pulses move,
In absence, peril, far or near,
Come to my heart, and rest thee there!

My days of youth are gone and past,
My manhood's hour is overcast;
My later destiny may have
A wanderer's life, a stranger's grave;
But whether eyes of love shall weep
Where thy pale master's relics sleep;
Or whether on the wave or plain,
This bosom shall forget its pain:
Yet where I rove, or where I fall,
To me thou shalt be all in all.

Come to my heart! When thou art nigh,
The parting hour is on mine eye;
I see the chesnut ringlets rolled
Round the bright forehead's Grecian mould,
The ruby lip, the penciled brow,
The cheek's delicious April glow,
The smile, a sweet and sunny beam
Upon life's melancholy stream;
The glance of soul, pure, splendid, high—
Till all the vision wanders by,
Like angels to their brighter sphere;
And leaves me lone and darkling here!

MUNGO PARK.

Hope no more—in peace he sleepeth;
All his toils and pains are o'er;—
'Tis thine eye alone that weepeth—
His is closed to ope no more.
He hath gain'd that unknown river—
He hath found a hero's grave;
There his head in peace for ever
Rests beneath the limpid wave.

We, like him, our barks are guiding
Swiftly to an unknown shore:
Here, we know, is no abiding;
There is rest for evermore.
Pilot through this boundless ocean,
Lord of earth, and air, and sea!
Thou canst still the wild wave's motion—
All our hopes are fix'd on Thee.

FAIRY'S SONG.

We have been at the sea, where the billows foamed
free.

To gather the pearls for our hall;
Their love-lighted lamps from hawthorns and swamps
The glowworms have brought at our call.

The bee we have spoiled—her stinging we foiled—
Of the very best hoard to-day; [lamb,
And the milk from the dam, that she meant for the
We have drained and brought it away.

But noble and great, with honours and state,
That man shall suddenly be,
Whose dairy unealed the butter shall yield
That pleases our fair Ladye.

And yellow as gold, or the king-cup, old,
And sweet as the dews of May,
The butter must be to please our Ladye
In the eve of her bridal day!

ON TWO LOVERS.

Theirs was a hallowed flame! for they had met
In Childhood's sunny path, ere tempest-showers
Had passed their shadows o'er the bright-winged hours
Of Life's deceitful morn;—ere fell Regret
With her malignant mildews coldly wet
The blooms of early joys,—when in the bowers
Of Innocence and Love, 'midst sweet spring-flowers,
They little dreamed the Sun of Hope would set!—
Oh! sweet and brief delusion! All too soon
The bleak storm howled, the gathering clouds were rife
With death and desolation; in the noon
Of Life and Love, amid the gloom and strife,
Those fond impassioned Lovers wildly parted;
She in the cold grave sleeps—He lingers broken-
hearted!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A name.

PUZZLE II.—XL.

NEW PUZZLE.

From the dark and dismal cell,
Where subterranean beings dwell,
To towns and cities was I brought,
And rules of civil life was taught.
In palaces I oft reside,
And dwell among the sons of pride:
Address the great, the rich I fear not,
And cringe to those for whom I care not.
Balls and assemblies I frequent,
And to the ladies I present
The courtly bow and compliment.
Thus I attain'd to lofty station,
High above all men in nation;
And of all subjects, I alone
Dare to take place above the crown.
But, good, as well as great, I shed
Comfort and joy on each man's head:
The poor as well as rich I warm,
And guard and keep them safe from harm.
But such the fickleness of fate,
Such the false faith of man ingrate,
I am despis'd when I am old,
And perish in the rain and cold.
Doom'd by those ills my life to end,
From which I others did defend.

Published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

At four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.

